

THE HOME JOURNAL.

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The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

SELF-HELPERS.

The observant reader of history cannot fail to be struck with the fact that in all ages of the world, and in almost all countries of the globe, men have emerged from obscurity, penury, and ignorance, and by their own unassisted exertions have attained for themselves positions of distinction, wealth and enlightenment. Such men are emphatically self-helpers. Such are the men whose lives are briefly related in our "Poverty and Genius." While others have been patiently occupying their original positions as if some ban or spell prevented them from occupying any others, these men have pushed onward, and by their energy and enterprise have arrived at the goal of their ambition. While others have been deploring their condition, and sighing over their limited advantages, these men have set to work and bravely achieved for themselves these privileges which birth denied them. While others have been idly waiting, Miesauer-like, for something to turn up, these men have labored hard to turn it up, and up it has turned to reward their honorable exertions.

In looking back on the lives of great men, we are taught that man, by his unaided exertions, may perform more wonderful achievements than were ever wrought by the imagined hero of an Oriental fabulist. They have called light out of darkness: they have made fortunes out of nothing; they have attained positions such as birth could not bestow and the proudest noble might envy.

And they have done this in all sorts of positions, in every branch of occupation, and in spite of every description of disadvantages.

They came forth from the workshop, the carpenter's shed, the smithy, the factory; they came from the field, the mine, and the sheep-cote; they laid aside the hammer, the saw, the chisel, the harrow, the plow, the spade, the crook, the needle, the awl; they left the fore-castle, and the barnack, and the servant's hall; no matter what position they occupied first, they came out of it, left it far behind, rose to a new life, moved in a new world, were elevated to an altitude which they never anticipated, and were blessed with an immortality for which they had never dared hope.

SNUFF DIPPING.

It is a practice which should be frowned upon by all. Between dipping and intemperance, give us the latter. It lowers a woman from the creature of purity, one to be loved, for all that is womanly, delicate, refined and beautiful, to a—! supply the word, reader, for we cannot. What, a beautiful girl, with a smooth, fair brow, delicately penciled eyebrows, sparkling eye, a cheek in which the rose and the lily strive for predominance and mingle in the perfection of loveliness, lips of ruby closing in dewy gentleness over pearls which vie in beauty with the richest of the oriental sea, to daub filthy Scotch snuff upon her teeth until her brain is giddy, and squirt the juice upon the floor—fugh! fugh! fugh! Benny, quick, hand here the wash basin.

"HOME PAPERS."—We are occasionally met with the remark: "I like your paper very well, but I can get the Times, Cincinnati, (or some other frizzly sheet) for a dollar." To those who so talk we commend the following from the Wisconsin Farmer:

HOME PAPERS.—Stuck, then, ye sturdy yeomanry and tillers of the soil, to your home newspapers. No matter if you are poor; remember that none are so poor as the ignorant, except it be the depraved, and they too often go together. Stick to your local paper, though it may not be so large and imposing as some foreign paper; but remember it is the advertiser of your neighborhood and daily business, and tells you what is going on around you, instead of a thousand miles away. If it is not on nice paper and as good as you wish to have it, pay up your subscription well, and get your neighbors to do the same, and rely upon it, the natural pride of the publisher will prompt him to improve it as fast as possible.

A Texas paper, recording a fight between two boys, during which one shot the other in the back of the head, observes that it is a common thing there for boys from ten to fourteen years of age carrying about their persons bowie knives and pistols.

A woman died recently in Cincinnati, who had accumulated \$8000 in her business of playing on a hand organ and singing in the streets.

JOHN W. WHITE, THE REDOUBT, ABLE ALIAS—HIS DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

John W. White, of this city, and late member of the Tennessee Legislature, has of recent date occupied much of the public attention, from the fact of being a man whose character was considered irreproachable by those who knew him, there not having been even the breath of suspicion against him, in any connection, previous to his arrest by the United States Marshal upon the charge of forging numerous Land Warrants. The charge was one of grave import, and fell upon his friends and kindred like the shock of an earthquake. His kindred and family connections were stainless in character, and of the most respectable class in the community; and his friends were almost legion, comprising the most respectable, intelligent and worthy citizens of the country. Then it may be well imagined with what eagerness, despair and mortification the news of his arrest, coupled with the ignominious charges, created in his home circle, where the people thought they knew him best. The consternation was awful and death-like.

He was tried before the proper authorities, and acquitted upon the grounds of a want of sufficient evidence in the opinion of the court, which sat at Cleveland, Tenn.

In a few weeks thereafter, the Marshal re-arrested him upon similar charges, only much more numerous than in the first instance. He was tried before a Court of Inquiry in Chattanooga, Judge West H. Humphries, of the U. S. District Court, presiding. The investigation lasted some five or six days, and adjourned to meet at Knoxville on the 14th Monday of November, counsel for defendant submitting the case and giving bond and security for defendant's appearance in the sum of \$25,000.

Mr. John W. White, from that time remained about his home, as far as we can learn, never appearing in public more than once or twice, and left Chattanooga about the last of October, or the first of November, for the purpose, as rumor said, of visiting Jackson County, Ala., to collect testimony for his approaching trial.

Nothing was heard of him from the day of his departure, (as we can learn) until about three weeks ago, when he was by letter to a friend in this city, stating that he was in Arkansas, looking up witnesses, and that his horse had died, for which he had given a watch, but had retained his fine gold chain. The next news was that from the Memphis papers, which stated upon the authority of certain individuals by the name of Brooks and Pender, that a person was found dead in an isolated log hut, near the road side, ten miles east of Clarendon, Ark., and from certain papers found on the body, and the name on the shirt, it was evidently John W. White, of Chattanooga. The account further stated that there were no marks of violence on the body, which appeared to have been dead several days; the boots were muddy; some five dollars found in the pocket of deceased, and a "fine gold chain."

This news reached Chattanooga, his friends started in post-haste after his body, and on reaching Memphis wrote back that from all the facts that could be gleaned, that White was certainly dead, and that they had procured a metallic case for the transportation, &c., of his remains. In a few days after the receipt of this intelligence a letter was received addressed to two gentlemen of this place, purporting to be from an old acquaintance by the name of Gibbs, confirming the rumor of White's death, and giving it as his opinion that White had been murdered, although the informant said there were no discernible marks of violence about the body. The writer further stated that a ruffian looking set of men had held an inquest over the body, and that the body was buried in a very rough coffin, in a grave about three feet deep.

Immediately upon the reception of this letter a second one was received, addressed to the Postmaster of this place, purporting to be from the Coroner that held the inquest. This letter was confirmatory of the identity and death of White.

After the lapse of several days, the parties that went after the body of White returned, and stated that they went to the place designated, disinterred a body, which was plain to their minds was that of John W. White, although the corpse wore the clothes of the aforesaid John W. White. One of the parties that made the examination was an elder brother of White, and the other an old friend and acquaintance. They were satisfied that the whole matter was a hoax.

The day after the arrival of these parties from Arkansas, a third letter was received from the point, addressed to our Postmaster, and signed John Russell, also confirmatory of White's demise and identity. This letter was scrutinized by those well acquainted with White's handwriting, and pronounced it to be his.

So far, thus closes this magnificent farce. That John W. White is guilty of the charges preferred against him by the General Government, there is not the slightest doubt; that a more consummate swindler and accomplished villain does not exist. Figuring under the aliases of B. F. Farquharson, John Martin, Lucy Pogue, C. C. Cole, Cyrus Worth, J. B. Westbrook, John Russell and many others, he has been enabled to practice a fraud and a swindle upon the Government, poor soldiers, their widows and orphans, almost equal to

the celebrated Gardner Gulphin claims.

The fraud has been stupendous, and that he has numerous accomplices is unquestionable, and that the hand of retribution is close upon him, a little time will develop.

As the case now stands the recognition of \$25,000 will be paid. If John W. White had made his appearance before the Federal Court at Knoxville, been tried and acquitted, he would have been arrested the third time upon eight additional cases of Land Warrant forgeries, which were of so recent a date, in conjunction with the facts that could have been brought to bear upon them, that his conviction would have been certain. This information was given us by Col. Lucien Peyton, the gentleman who has conducted the investigation in this swindle with so much efficiency.

The rich are inclined to believe that they are superior to other men, and other men do all they can to fortify them in that belief—both being as blind as bats to their true interests.

SPECULATION.—No man knows when, where, or whom he will marry. It is all nonsense planning or speculating about it. You might as well look out for a soft place to fall in a steep place. You smash down in the middle of your speculations.

Why is a cult getting broke like a young lady getting married? Because he is going through the bridal ceremony.

The busybody who spent half his time in picking holes in the coats of his neighbors, turns out to be a tailor.

"What an ungrateful return," said a politician, when a count of his votes proved him to be in the minority.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The old year now is dying,
And through the forests dim
The leafless trees are sighing
Their requiem over him;
In calmness, deep and holy,
He sinks to his repose,
And quietly, and slowly,
His weary eyelids close.

Some stricken ones are weeping
Beside the darkened hearth;
For those they loved, are sleeping
Now in the tranquil earth.
Alas, 'tis strange what sorrow,
What deeds to stifle thought—
Wild, wonderful, exciting,
One short year has wrought.

While thinking of past ages
Let us this year explore,
And on its mouldering pages
Seek out its hidden lore.
And, O, let us learn this lesson,
And bid it round the heart,
"We only live to hasten
Like shadows to depart."

BALTIMORE, Md.

Everything must have altered very much in a short time. Only a few years since, General Jackson, being seated between two ladies, said he felt like a thorn surrounded by roses. V. S. M. says: A few days ago, while riding in one of the sixth street cars, and being seated between two ladies, he felt like a stave in a hog-head of molasses, surrounded by hoops.

"My dearest Maria," wrote a quite affectionate husband to his wife, a strong-minded woman. She wrote him back, "dearest, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'my dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other 'dear Marias'?"

RATHER CUTE.—In Cincinnati a lady was detected in pocketing a package of gloves in a store. When charged with the theft she burst into tears and tendered a \$20 bill in payment. The merchant took but \$5 and gave her back the change. On counting the cash at night, that \$20 bill was found to be counterfeit.

PEACH LEAVES FOR YEAST.—It has been discovered that peach leaves are superior to hops for yeast. The bread made from it is quite as light and equally well flavored. We understand that the yeast is made in the same way, except that dried peach leaves are used instead of hops.

LENGTH OF SEEDS.—"I served," says Jefferson, "with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia, before the Revolution, and during it, with Dr. Franklin, in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great point, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves."

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

Solomon tells us that a glutton shall come to poverty; warns us to be not among the riotous eaters of flesh; and even bids us put a knife to our throats if we be men given to appetite. Is there no less desperate remedy?

Lord Byron once told a companion that if some demi-god would dictate to us just how much we ought to eat, it would put an end to half the miseries of the race.

Jonathan Edwards—we see noting in his Diary: "I find that I cannot be convinced, in the time of eating, that to eat more would be to exceed the bonds of temperance, though I have had two years' experience of the like, and yet three minutes after I have done, I am convinced of it. But yet again I overeat, thinking I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off; but when I have finished, I am convinced again of excess, and so it is from time to time. I have observed that more really seems to be the truth, when it is according to my inclination, than when otherwise."

Jefferson says that "no man ever repents eating too little."

Sir Isaac Newton often dined on a penny's worth of bread.
Abernethy cured his indigestion and regained his flesh by going into the country, where he could get good milk and eggs, and living upon it three times a day, with no drink but ginger water. On this quantity of food he regained his flesh and uniformly got better.

Marion and his men, waxed strong and valiant with no food but sweet potatoes, no drink but water, and no shelter but the sky.

"Besides brown bread, the Greek bean-soupist almost solely on their native fruits, figs, grapes, and raisins. They are most healthy, active, graceful, cheerful, and even the merriest people in the world."

Grant Allard attributes his cheerful old age to the fact that he "never eats enough," and thousands of his countrymen are wearing out their bodies not so much by the excess of business or the multiplicity of cares, as by the overwork they crowd upon them in digesting surplus and unnecessary food.

An Eloquent Extract.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own."

They passed like a vapor, and Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attraction, for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for our children. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and the prayers will be said, and then we shall be left behind in silence and darkness for the worm. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to bless our names.

How re-true.—A lady friend of ours says the first time she was kissed, she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She also felt as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little Cupids in chariots, drawn by angels, shaded by honey suckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows. Jerusalem! what power there is in a full-breasted kiss!—E.

How some Banks are Started.—A. B. C. D. & Co. agree to start a bank called "The Sand Bank." A is elected President; B, Cashier, and the rest are made directors and stockholders.—Each stockholder, say there are ten, takes \$10,000 worth of stock. All put together haven't \$10,000 in money—but each one puts in his note before the board of directors for the amount of his subscription, has it discounted, and is paid in Sand Bank bills. With these bills he pays in, say one-half of his stock, the other half he deposits to his credit. The cashier's books from which the report of the condition of the bank is taken will then stand:

Capital Stock paid in,	\$50,000
Bills discounted,	\$100,000
Deposits,	\$50,000
Circulation,	\$100,000

And so they go on until some accident discovers the rottenness of the concern and smash in it goes leaving the note-holders with the bag to hold.

Counterfeit Gold Dollar.—Look out for a well gotten up gold dollar of the "bogus kind," the result of the labor of an ingenious crew of counterfeiters. Nothing but strong acid will show the deceit.

A great many of the "flying" rumors of the day would be more appropriately designated by leaving out the f. All newspapers, religious and political, please notice.

Texas has 142 miles of railroad finished, 93 under contract and 272 already graded.

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.—There is no greater plague to a married woman than when her husband discharges on her back all his jars, and quarrels, and passions, and reserveth his pleasures, joys, and company for another.

Let men obey the laws, and women their husbands.

Unhappy is the man who marrieth, being in poverty.

Old age and marriage are alike; for we desire them both, and once possessed, then we repent.

GOOD TASTE.—A young lady, in one of the leading circles at Washington, was complimented by a gentleman on the simplicity and good taste of her dress, at an evening party. She replied: "I am glad you like my dress, it cost just seven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself."

When we think of the breaking-priced dresses that are generally worn in such circles, from \$500 to \$1000, and even higher, who will not compliment the young lady on her "good taste?" Yea, and good sense!

When our young ladies pride themselves upon the home manufactory and cheapness of her attire, instead of its expensiveness and foreign importation, we shall have fewer "broken" fathers and husbands.

QUEER LIBERAL.—The Methodists of Alabama have raised the sum of \$300,000 to locate a University at Greensborough, in that State.

Printing on Glass.—Printing on glass has been successfully accomplished by a gentleman in New York city. By a new process he is enabled to print letters and figures of various designs on glass of multi colors, with a facility almost equal to ordinary printing on common paper. Labels can be printed by this process directly on bottles of any size and form. These have the appearance of having been placed there by the hand, and are indelible. Lettering on glass, by the new process, can be done at less than one third of the present cost.

At a social meeting of his fellow church members, among other things, each member was relating his causes for joy and sorrow, when Mr. — said:

"My family of children I have much to cause joy, and also much to distress me. There is my son — a good, reverent and dutiful boy; but there is my son Bill—he is an audacious scamp. He left his poor grey-headed father many a day ago, and it has been a long time since I have heard from him and when I last heard from him he was on his way up the Calaveras, a rattin' saw boy, playin' sev'ral up and down; but, think the Lord, he is making away by the Calaveras. 'Don't he, sister.' 'Yes, he is, and no mistake.'"

OLD PROVERBS.

Better be the head of yearnery than tail of the gentry.

Beware of a silent water.
It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

There is many a good wife who cannot dance or sing well.

You will never have a friend if you must have one without a failing.

There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.

That's but an empty purse that is full of other folks' money.

One might as well be out of the world as be loved by nobody in it.

He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things is the wise man.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

He is a worthless fellow who lives only to himself.

Depend not upon fortune but conduct.

Begin life with but little show, you may increase it afterwards.

Advise not what is the most pleasant, but the most useful.

Be contented and thankful; a cheerful spirit makes labor light, sleep sweet, and all around cheerful.

If youth is a blunder, manhood is a struggle, and age a regret.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

A friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you.

It is through inward health that we enjoy all outward things.

Why.—Why do parents, generally send their children to school, year after year, without ever, we fear, putting their own feet inside the doors of the school house, or even communicating with the teachers? It is enough to know that their children "go to school!" Is this the whole of the parent's concern? Does this satisfy his sense of parental duty? We fear it does, in most cases, and I hence the need of calling attention to the subject before us, as we do, in the hope of awakening delinquents to their whole duty.

Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record.

Prejudice is a thick fog, through which light gleams fearfully, serving rather to terrify than to guide.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

To ridicule old age is like in the morning pouring cold water in the bed in which you have to sleep at night.

A manufactory in the East consumes two tons of steel per week in the manufacture of ladies' hoops.

Why is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? Because she makes a great bustle about a little waist.

To perform some great work expeditiously, hasten slowly.

Many a one apparently performs a piece of work quickly, which, when examined, proves to be only half-done.

"Smoke your pipe," as the coal said to the stove.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to a landscape.

During the late panic in the East, several wire bridges were suspended.

In the language of flowers—if you wish for "heart's ease," never look to "marry-gold."

Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep? Kaze for every grain they give a peck.

There is a policeman in every man's conscience—though not always found on his beat.

MEASURING COAL.—The Philadelphia papers state that the plan of measuring coal to verify its weight is effecting a reform in the retail coal trade of that city. Coal put into bins and leveled, can be measured from one to one thousand tons, with as much accuracy as it can be weighed on scales. For instance, a high white ash coal per ton of 2000 lbs., of the egg or stove size, will uniformly measure 55½ feet cubical, while white ash Schuylkill coal will measure 35, and the pink gray, and red ash will reach 36 cubical feet per ton of 2000 lbs., or forty feet for 2219 lbs., the difference of cubical contents between a net and a gross ton being exactly four feet. The length, breadth and height of the bin multiplied together, and divided by the aforementioned contents of a ton, the quotient must show the number of tons therein.

Aunt Beisy has said many good things, among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own.

HEIRS TO A RICH ESTATE WANTED.

The Governor of the most pleasant State in existence, now offers to all who will apply immediately, a right splendid mansion, with a fountain of living water, and all manner of pleasant fruits near at hand; and in a country where sickness and sorrow can never enter, and death is entirely unknown, the roads are paved as it were with pure gold. All things are beautiful, and gay, and pleasant, and all the paths are paths of peace. There is found brilliant light all times, day and night, without the burning heat of the sun or the trouble of lighting a candle or lamp.

Now, the conditions of this estate are such that there can be no law suits about it, for the Governor gave it to his SON, who made a plain straight forward will, and giving to all who would apply in due time, an equal share in the same, on condition that each applicant "believe on the son."

The will has many witnesses. Get your Bible and read it, for God is the Governor, Jesus Christ the son, and Heaven the country to be divided. Come, get a crown of life, and have your names registered in The Lamb's Book of Life. Delay not, for before another day your chance may be gone, and you will have to spend eternity in dismal sorrow; while music of the richest and sweetest kind is here ever falling sweetly on the ear.—Banner of Peace.

A GRAVE OF THE CLAY FAMILY.—The old Baptist burial ground of Lebanon, O., presents a tender scene in the life of the great statesman, Henry Clay. A broad slab has this touching inscription, now almost illegible, by time, "In memory of Eliza H. Clay, daughter of Henry and Lucretia Clay, who died on the 17th day of August, 1825, aged 12 years, during a journey from their residence at Lexington, in Kentucky, to Washington City. Cut off in the bloom of a promising life, her parents, who have erected this monument, console themselves with the belief that she now abides in heaven."

What a history of disappointed hopes and of keenest sorrows would the heart-life of most of our great men and distinguished families unfold.—The path of glory is one bedewed with tears, and our great men are arrested by the providence of God in their schemes of earthly ambition. For six weeks did this great statesman tarry in Lebanon, to watch over the decline and death of this flower of his heart, and when he laid his blooming daughter to rest among strangers, how did he feel the emptiness of human glory and the preciousness of that Christian faith he inscribed on this table to his daughter's memory.

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.

A "borrower" is an unfinished being. He is incomplete. There is a screw loose in his organization. He is a bad man—that is, an unsafe one. He never comes to anything good, and is always poor. It is an old Scandinavian proverb that when Satan wishes to angle with and finally catch a man, he first sets him borrowing.—The whole tribe of borrowers are utterly mean, and the newspaper borrower is the meanest of the tribe. In this country newspapers are so cheap that every man can—and every decent man *must* buy his own. At any rate no decent man will borrow a newspaper. If he can't get one of his own, he will go without. It dirties, and rumples, and crumples a paper to handle it, and no man likes to have his favorite family journal soiled by borrowers' unclean hands. Subscribers to good papers like to preserve them in good condition; and in order that they may do this, the paper must be kept clean, and smooth, and whole. No one likes to preserve a dirty, torn or ruffled paper; and one such unsightly copy spoils a whole file—one number of a paper just breaks up the continuity of a volume. A man acquires an affection for it, and as in the case of his wife and baby, he don't want any body else to meddle with it. Therefore the newspaper borrower is a disturber of the peace and happiness of families; he is a pest—a nuisance, and should be permanently disposed of in a manner that would forever prevent him from annoying honest, decent people who pay for their newspapers, and should be allowed to read and preserve them in peace.—N. Y. Ledger.

REVOLVING PRECEDENT.—In the return of the indent children supported by the town of Taunton, Mass., recently made to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, the overseers certify that "Elizabeth Drayton was eleven years old the twenty-fourth day of May, 1838; and became the mother of Horace White Drayton, on the first day of February, 1858—three months and twenty-four days before she was eleven years old;" and on the 30th of September of the present year the mother and child were living at the public charge, in the town of Taunton, Mass.

TERMINAL AFFAIR.—We have just been made acquainted with the particulars of a most desperate rencounter in this county, which resulted in the probable death of one man and the wounding of two others. At the last July term of the Circuit Court, we are told, Mr. Joseph Radice, who lives about two miles from Mulberry Village, was tried for shooting a male, and up to the first of this week had not paid the cost of Court. Accordingly, Sheriff Alexander, in the line of his duty, visited Mr. R.'s house last Monday, purposing to levy an execution on sufficient property to satisfy the debt. Mr. R. met him at the fence, and threatened to kill him if he entered the enclosure. Sheriff A. then returned to town, summoned a posse of men, and on Tuesday went up again. Mr. R. again forbade an entrance, and as the officers commenced letting down the fence for the purpose of passing in, he fired upon them with a rifle and revolver, wounding Mr. Alexander in both arms, a ball passing entirely through one wrist and lodging in the other arm where it is now. Deputy Sheriff George was also slightly wounded in the hand. The fire was returned, and Mr. R. was told, we are told, was shot in three places—once in the mouth, the ball coming out at the angle of the jaw, once in the back, and in the knee. About twenty shots were made in all. We have this given the particulars, as they are in town, of this sad affair. Many vague reports are circulating with reference to the difficulty, but the foregoing is believed to embody the main facts in the case. We are informed that Mr. Radice cannot possibly recover, even if he be not dead already.—Fayetteville Observer.

Lines for Sallie's Album.—Of may a cloud ne'er shade that brow,
Or sorrows spring altho' thy way;
May gladness waters ever flow,
And rainbows crown the rising spray.
Ne'er may thy step become less light,
And if old age comes creeping on,
Then may thy hopes be still as bright
Amid thy heart's achievements won.
May fortune crush each thorn that springs
Along thy path where roses bloom;
And trim thy harp with golden strings,
Whose music ne'er shall know a tomb.

Why is the husband of a scolding wife and father of a household of crying children like a railroad? Because he has a great many cross ties.

A dandy lately appeared in Iowa with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested because he had no "visible means of support."

A fresh importation of eighty camels at New Orleans is announced by the Picayune. They are to be sent to Texas, to be employed by government officials in traversing the wilderness between California and Texas.